

LEGENDARY 1950s EC COMICS!



NO. 5
SEPT



200
250
CANADA

SHOCK

SUSPENSTORIES

JOLTING TALES OF
TENSION

IN THE



TRADITION!



BRACE YOURSELF FOR THE JOLTING
CONCLUSION TO THIS GRIPPING TALE!

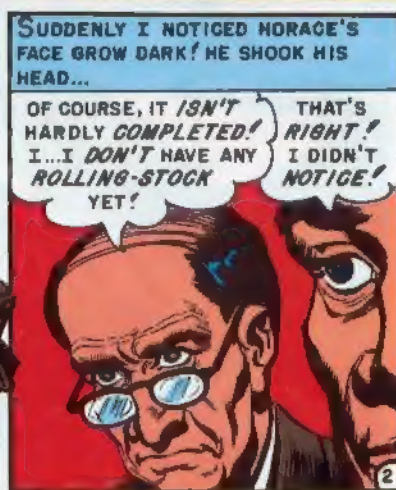
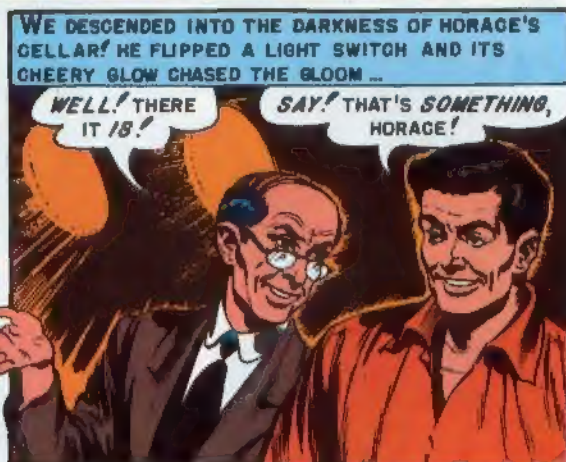
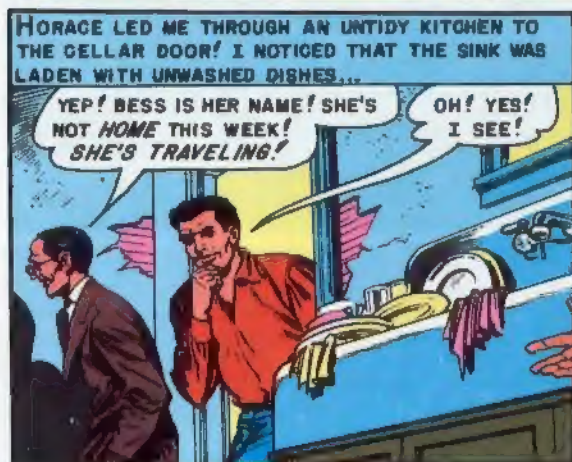
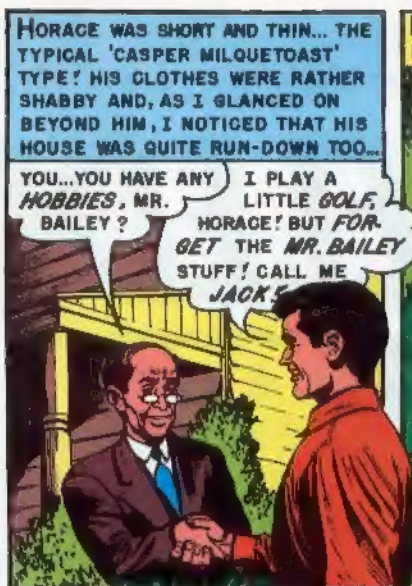
WELL-TRAVELED!



I THINK IT WAS THE DAY AFTER I MOVED INTO THE HOUSE ON ALDEN ROAD THAT I FIRST MET HORACE WHEELS! THE WHEELS HOUSE WAS RIGHT NEXT DOOR! I WAS OUT IN MY GARDEN THAT DAY, EXAMINING THE ROSE BUSHES THE PREVIOUS OWNER HAD LEFT FOR ME, WHEN HORACE'S TIMID VOICE SQUEAKED AT ME . . .

'LO! I GUESS YOU'RE OUR NEW NEIGHBOR! MY NAME'S HORACE WHEELS!

OH! HELLO! I'M JACK BAILEY! GLAD TO MEET YOU, HORACE!



IT WAS TRUE! THE TRACKS OF THE LAYOUT WERE SPREAD IN AN INTRICATE PATTERN OVER THE WHOLE TABLE! THEY WOUND AROUND A TINY UNFINISHED TOWN, OVER A GLASS RIVER, ALONGSIDE A GREY-GRAVEL ROAD, AND ON INTO A PAPIER-MÂCHÉ MOUNTAIN THROUGH A BLACK TUNNEL! BUT THERE WERE NO CARS TO BE SEEN ON ANY PART OF THE LAYOUT. . .

I... I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY 'EM, RIGHT NOW!

GEE! THAT'S TOO BAD, HORACE!



HORACE STRAIGHTENED SOME LICHEN-MOSS SHRUBBERY ON THE ROLLING PAPIER-MÂCHÉ MOUNTAIN...

EVERY TIME I GET ENOUGH TO BUY THE ENGINE AND TENDER... AND MAYBE A FEW FREIGHT CARS, BESSIE GOES TRAVELING!

OH!



HORACE'S FACE BRIGHTENED...

YOU HAVE!? OH... YOU'LL BRING HIM DOWN TO SEE THE LAYOUT, JACK? HE'D LOVE IT!

SURE HORACE! YOU BET!



HORACE LEANED OVER AND STRAIGHTENED A TILTING TELEGRAPH POLE...

MADE THE WHOLE THING OUT OF SCRAP LUMBER! EVEN THE TRACKS ARE HOME-MADE!

THAT SO?



HORACE RAN A PALE FINGER OVER THE GREEN-SAWDUST GRASS...

I... I TRY SAVIN' FOR 'EM. I KNOW JUST WHAT I WANT! THERE'S A BEAUTY OF AN ENGINE IN THE HOBBY SHOP IN TOWN! CHEAP, TOO!

TRY SAVING, HORACE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I GLANCED AWAY FROM HORACE, DOWN AT THE LITTLE Balsa WOOD STORES THAT LINED THE SIDEWALKS OF THE MODEL TOWN! I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO KNOW THAT I SAW HIS EYES FILLING WITH TEARS...

BESSIE LIKES TRAVELING! SHE LIKES TO VISIT PLACES! MAYBE IF WE HAD SOME KIDS, SHE'D STAY HOME! BUT... WELL... WE CAN'T! SO SHE GOES...

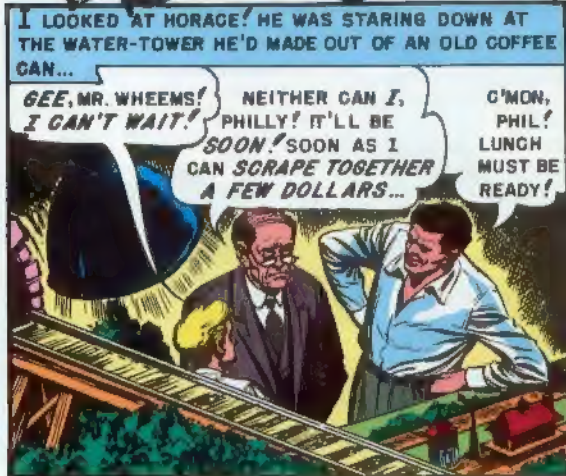
I... I'M SORRY, HORACE! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! I'VE GOT A BOY OF MY OWN...



YES! BOUGHT THE RAILS OUT OF LUNCH-MONEY I SAVED! CUT THE TIES... PAINTED 'EM... AND NAILED THE RAILS ON!

THAT'S CLEVER, HORACE! THEY LOOK VERY REALISTIC!





I HEARD ABOUT THEM! FOR THE NEXT TWO MONTHS I GOT MY FILL OF THE INTERESTING PLACES BESS WHEEMS HAD VISITED! EVERY NIGHT SHE'D COME OVER...AND...

THE GRAND CANYON? OH, WHAT A GLORIOUS SPOT! SAW IT TWO YEARS AGO...

HMMPH!

ONE FRIDAY, ABOUT THREE MONTHS AFTER WE'D MOVED IN, HORACE CONFIDED IN ME...

LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE ABLE TO GET THAT FREIGHT TRAIN, JACK! I'VE SAVED UP THE MONEY! GOIN' DOWN TOMORROW...

GREAT, HORACE! PHIL WILL BE THRILLED!

THAT NIGHT, I COULDN'T SLEEP! I KEPT HEARING VOICES DRIFTING ACROSS THE STILL NIGHT AIR FROM THE WHEEM'S HOUSE! THEY SEEMED EXCITED...ANGRY...

SOUNDS LIKE BESS AND HORACE ARE ARGUING!



THE NEXT DAY WAS SATURDAY! I DROPPED BY HORACE'S HOUSE WITH PHIL TO SEE THE NEW TRAINS RUN ON THAT BEAUTIFUL LAYOUT! NO ONE ANSWERED THE DOOR! WE WENT IN! HORACE SAT BY THE HUGE TABLE, PUTTERING WITH SOME ARTIFICIAL TREES...

HELLO, HORACE!

HY, MR. WHEEMS! WE CAME TO SEE THE TRAINS!

DIDN'T GET 'EM!



HORACE LOOKED LIKE HE'D CRIED ALL NIGHT! HIS EYES WERE RED! I HAD TO ASK THAT INEVITABLE QUESTION...

WHERE'S BESS, HORACE?

SHE'S...TRAVELING AGAIN!



THAT WAS IT...THE WHOLE DEAL! BESS HAD GONE OFF ON ANOTHER OF HER JAUNTS! SHE'D TAKEN THE MONEY HORACE HAD PINCHED AND SAVED...THE MONEY HE'D HOPED TO BUY THAT ENGINE AND FREIGHT TRAIN WITH...

I...I'M SORRY, HORACE!

FOUR YEARS I BEEN WAITIN'! FOUR WHOLE YEARS I BEEN SAVIN'!



THAT LONG, HORACE? I DIDN'T KNOW...

FOUR YEARS! EVERY TIME I SCRAPE ENOUGH MONEY TOGETHER TO BUY SOME ROLLING STOCK...OFF SHE GOES...TRAVELING AGAIN!



IT WAS HEARTBREAKING! THE POOR GUY HAD BUILT THAT BEAUTIFUL LAYOUT... AND HE'D NEVER BEEN ABLE TO AFFORD TO BUY THE TRAINS TO RUN AROUND ON IT...

IT'S LIKE A GRAVEYARD! A LAYOUT AIN'T NO GOOD WITHOUT TRAINS GOIN' AROUND ON IT! IT'S DEAD WITHOUT 'EM!



AND SO, I BECAME A PART OF HORACE'S DECEPTION! EVERY WEEK, HE'D GIVE ME A FEW DOLLARS... WHAT-EVER HE'D SAVED... TO HOLD FOR HIM...



BUT THAT EVENING... I HAD A VISITOR... BESS WHEEMS...

WHAT?! I SAID GIVE ME MY HUSBAND'S MONEY, MR. BAILEY!



DOES HE... I MEAN... IS IT OKAY WITH HIM...?

I THINK YOU'D BEST MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! IT'S NO CONCERN OF YOURS! THE MONEY, PLEASE...

HE TURNED TO ME... HIS EYES WIDE... HIS FACE PALE...

YOU'LL HELP ME JACK! YOU'LL HOLD MY MONEY FOR ME! WE WON'T TELL BESS THIS TIME! WE'LL GET 'EM BEFORE SHE CAN SPEND IT... TRAVELING!



FINALLY, AFTER TWO MONTHS, WE'D GOTTEN THE MONEY TOGETHER...

THAT'S IT, HORACE! YOU CAN BUY THEM NOW! YOU'VE SAVED THE FIFTY DOLLARS!



SH-H-H! SHE'LL HEAR YOU! TOMORROW MORNING WE'LL ALL GO DOWN TO THE HOBBY SHOP... YOU ME, AND PHILLY... AND BUY 'EM!



YOU... YOU'LL LET HIM BUY THE TRAINS, MRS. WHEEMS? YOU WON'T SPEND IT ON SOMETHING ELSE?

I HAVE A RESERVATION, MR. BAILEY! A LOWER BERTH... TOMORROW MORNING...

I COULDN'T HELP IT! I HAD TO SPOUT OFF... I WAS THAT MAD...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TRAVELING AGAIN, MRS. WHEEMS? BUT HORACE HAS WAITED SO LONG FOR THOSE TRAINS OF HIS...

BAH! NONSENSE! CHILDISH NONSENSE! EDUCATION IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT! TRAVEL IS EDUCATION! THE MONEY...



I GAVE HER THE MONEY! I COULDN'T HELP IT! IT WASN'T MINE...

HERE, MRS. WHEEMS! I... I HOPE YOU HAVE A PLEASANT JOURNEY!

YOU NEEDN'T BE SARCASTIC, MR. BAILEY! GOOD EVENING!



HORACE CAME OVER A LITTLE WHILE LATER! HE WAS BREATHLESS...

SHE'S PACKING HER BAG! WHAT'S UP, JACK?

SHE... SHE TOOK THE MONEY, HORACE!

NO! YOU DIDN'T GIVE IT TO HER!

I HAD TO, HORACE! SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT! SHE DEMANDED IT!



HE DARTED OUT OF THE HOUSE! I THINK I HEARD HIM SOBBING AS HE CROSSED OUR SHRUB-FENCE...

HORACE! WAIT! I...



I WANTED TO MAKE IT UP TO HORACE! THAT NIGHT, I HEARD THEM ARGUING AGAIN! AND I DECIDED...

POOR GUY! HE'LL BE BROKEN-HEARTED! TOMORROW, I'M GOING TO BUY HIM THOSE *#!X?!! TRAINS.

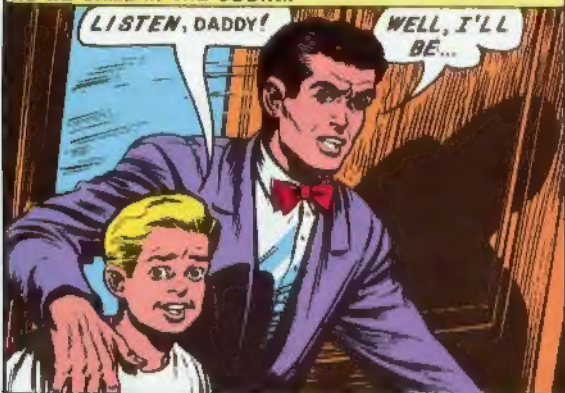


I FELT GOOD AFTER THAT! I LISTENED TO THE HIGH-PITCHED VOICES ACROSS THE WAY, AND SMILED! I'D MAKE HORACE HAPPY AFTER ALL! I GUESS I FELL ASLEEP! THE NEXT THING I KNEW...

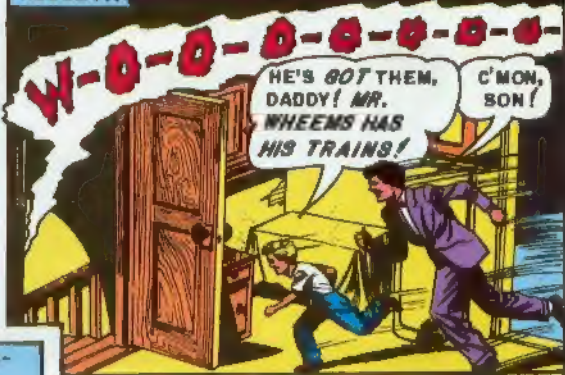
HEY! IT'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK ALREADY! AND I WANTED TO TAKE HORACE DOWN TO THE HOBBY SHOP FIRST THING THIS MORNING!



PHIL AND I WENT OVER TO THE WHEELS HOUSE RIGHT AFTER OUR BRUNCH! IT WAS ABOUT NOON! AS WE CAME IN THE DOOR...



WE COULD HEAR IT CLEARLY, MY SON AND I! THE CLICKETY-CLACK OF TINY WHEELS RUSHING AROUND ON THE TRACKS DOWN THERE...IN THE CELLAR! WE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT! SUDDENLY THE WHINING WAIL OF A LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE...



WE RUSHED DOWNSTAIRS! HORACE SAT AT THE TRANSFORMER CONTROLS...GRINNING! THE TINY ENGINE SPED NOISILY OVER THE GLEAMING RAILS...RUSHING IN AND OUT OF THE TUNNEL...PUFFING SMOKE...DRAGGING ITS LINE OF FREIGHT CARS BEHIND IT...



I GLANCED AT HORACE WHEELS AND SHIVERED! HIS EYES WERE GLASSY...WILD-LOOKING! A LITTLE DROPLET OF SPITTLE OOZED OUT OF HIS MOUTH! I HAD TO ASK...



I LOOKED DOWN...AND THE BLOOD FROZE IN MY VEINS! THE TRACKBEDS THROUGHOUT THE LAYOUT WERE STAINED RED! WHEN THE SPEEDING ENGINE WITH ITS LINE OF FREIGHT CARS WHIZZED BY ME, I GASPED! A BOX CAR DOOR WAS OPEN! A STARING EYEBALL GAZED OUT AT ME! THERE WERE OTHER BOX-CARS...EACH STUFFED WITH ITS GORY CARGO! THE OPEN HOPPER CARS CARRIED SEVERED FINGERS...TOES! THE TANK-CARS WERE FILLED WITH BLOOD! HORACE GIGGLED...



**YOU'LL BE JARRED BY THE STARTLING CLIMAX
OF THIS SHOCKING NARRATIVE!**

WHATE!

AT THE CURB, THE BIG RED MOVING-VAN STANDS QUIETLY... ITS REAR DOORS GAPING OPEN LIKE THE MOUTH OF SOME MECHANICAL MONSTER! EVEN NOW, THE HUSKY MOVERS ARE PULLING ARTICLES OF FURNITURE FROM WITHIN IT... LINING THE SIDEWALK BEFORE THE QUAIN WHITE HOUSE! ON THE PORCH A MAN AND A WOMAN STAND SILENTLY, STARING AT THE YELLOW SCRAP OF PAPER TACKED UPON THE SPOTLESS DOOR...

YOUR NAME IS JOHN SMITH! YOU'RE AN AMERICAN WITH A GOOD AMERICAN NAME! YOU'RE A CHURCHGOER... A FAMILY MAN... A RESPECTED MEMBER OF YOUR COMMUNITY! YOU'RE WATCHING THAT COUPLE ACROSS THE STREET READ THE NOTE YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBORS HAVE TACKED THERE...

A SHOCK SUSPENSORY



WHAT... WHAT DOES IT SAY DAVE?

IT... IT SAYS, 'DON'T MOVE IN... JEW! YOU'LL BE SORRY.' WE DON'T WANT JEWS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!'



YES, JOHN SMITH! THEY'RE GOING INSIDE! PERHAPS THERE'S NO PLACE ELSE FOR THEM TO GO! YOU HATE THEM, DON'T YOU JOHN? YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBORS HATE JEWS...

THEY'RE BRINGING IN THE FURNITURE, ED!

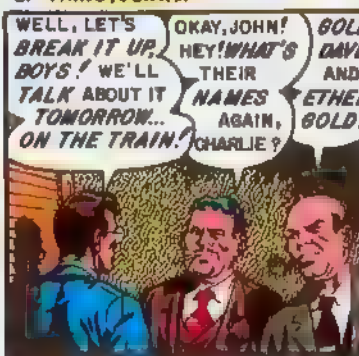
DIRTY @!!N?X/S! THEY'RE ASKIN' FOR IT! NOW THEY'RE GONNA GET IT!



IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT THEIR PARENTS AND THEIR PARENTS' PARENTS WERE BORN HERE, DOES IT, JOHN? THEY'RE JEWS! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS! YOU THINK THEY'RE DIFFERENT... AND YOU DON'T WANT THEM AROUND...



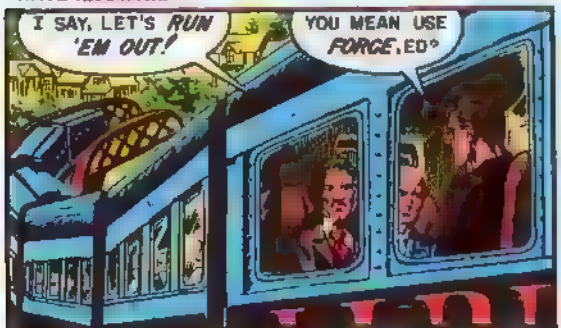
SO NOW THEY'RE MOVED IN, JOHN! THE THREATS DIDN'T CHANGE THEIR MINDS! THE PHONE CALLS... THE LETTERS... THE SNIDE REMARKS YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBORS MADE! THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO MATTER TO THEM! PERHAPS THEY'RE USED TO THAT SORT OF THING, JOHN...



WHEN DID YOU FIRST LEARN TO HATE, JOHN? DID YOUR MOTHER TEACH IT TO YOU? DID YOUR CHILDHOOD FRIENDS WISE YOU UP? DID YOU LEARN IT FROM YOUR WIFE... YOUR CHILD? DID ED, YOUR NEIGHBOR, TIP YOU OFF? WHEN, JOHN? WHEN DID YOU BECOME INFECTED WITH THE DISEASE CALLED HATE?...



DID YOUR FATHER... A SMALL TOWN DOCTOR... TELL YOU THAT, JOHN? DID HE LIST THE GENETIC DIFFERENCES BETWEEN YOU AND THEM? DID HE TELL YOU THEIR BLOOD WAS DIFFERENT... THEIR BONES... THEIR HEARTS? HE WAS A DOCTOR, JOHN! HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN...



WHY NOT? WE TRIED TO WARN 'EM NICELY! WE PHONED 'EM! WE WROTE 'EM LETTERS! MAYBE IF WE BEAT 'EM UP, THEY'LL SELL AND MOVE! OTHERWISE, MORE'LL START COMING IN!

NO TELLING WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO OUR REAL-ESTATE VALUES IF THAT HAPPENS! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, ED!



HE TAKES THE SAME TRAIN YOU DO, DOESN'T HE, JOHN? HE WEARS THE SAME KIND OF CLOTHES... EATS THE SAME KIND OF FOOD... SMOKE THE SAME BRAND OF CIGARETTES... ROOTS FOR THE SAME BASEBALL TEAM! BUT HE'S A JEW! SO YOU AND ED AND THE OTHERS WAIT FOR HIM ONE NIGHT...

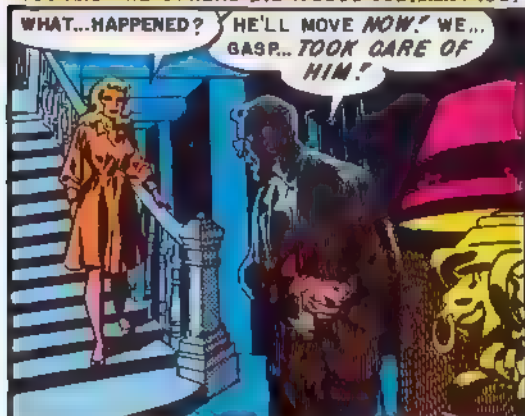


AND SUDDENLY YOU'RE UPON HIM... BEATING... KICKING... SWEARING...



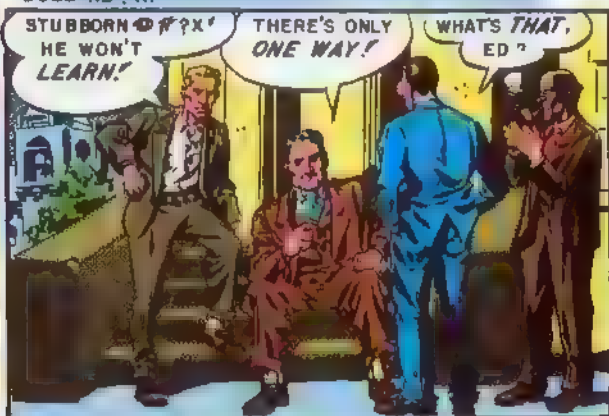
AND YOU'RE A LITTLE SICK THAT NIGHT WHEN YOU GET HOME, AREN'T YOU, JOHN? THERE'S BLOOD-STAINS ON YOUR SHIRT... BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS! YOU AND THE OTHERS DID A GOOD JOB, DIDN'T YOU?

YOU DON'T SEE MUCH OF HIM AFTER THAT NIGHT, DO YOU, JOHN? HE TAKES A DIFFERENT TRAIN, NOW! HE CROSSES THE STREET TO AVOID YOU! BUT HE *DOESN'T* MOVE, DOES HE?...



WHAT...HAPPENED?

HE'LL MOVE NOW! WE...
GASP... TOOK CARE OF HIM!



STUBBORN... HE WON'T LEARN!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY!

WHAT'S THAT, ED?



BURN 'EM OUT!

YOU MEAN SET FIRE TO THEIR HOUSE?

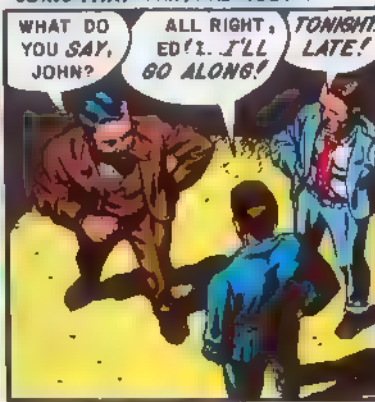


WHY NOT? THEY'LL HAVE TO MOVE!

I DON'T KNOW! THAT'S PRETTY ROUGH!

I'M FOR IT, ED!

IT'S BEGINNING TO SNOWBALL, ISN'T IT JOHN? IT'S GETTING MESSY NOW! YOU HADN'T PLANNED ON GOING THAT FAR, HAD YOU?..



WHAT DO YOU SAY, JOHN?

ALL RIGHT, ED! I'LL GO ALONG!

TONIGHT... LATE!

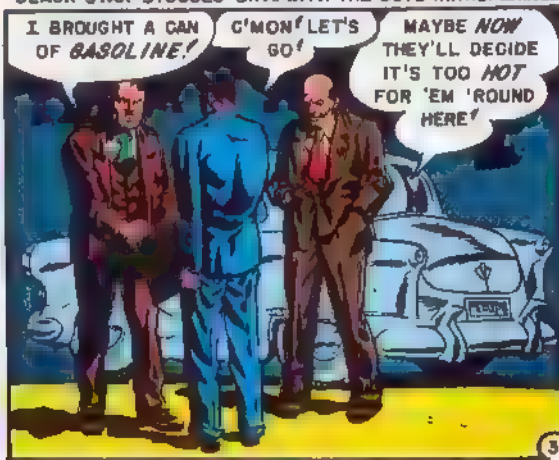
THE PLANS ARE MADE! THE HATE FESTERS! YOU DON'T EVEN HEAR YOUR WIFE MARY'S WORDS! YOU'RE TOO ENROGSED IN WHAT LIES AHEAD FOR DAVE AND ETHEL GOLD...

AND THEN YOU'RE OUT THERE, JOHN...UNDER THE BLACK STAR-STUDDED SKY...WITH THE BOYS...WHISPERING...



I SAID YOUR MOTHER'S COMING TO VISIT US, JOHN! SHE WROTE!

EH? OH! THAT'S NICE! YOU...YOU BETTER GO ON UP WITHOUT ME, MARY! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO TONIGHT!



I BROUGHT A CAN OF GASOLINE!

G'MON! LET'S GO!

MAYBE NOW THEY'LL DECIDE IT'S TOO HOT FOR 'EM 'ROUND HERE!

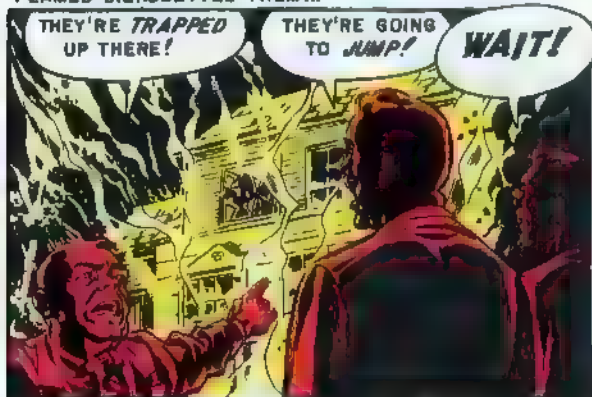
THE LIGHTED MATCH, TOSSED ON THE GASOLINE-SOAKED SHINGLES, ERUPTS INTO AN ORANGE GLOW! YOU WATCH AS THE HUNGRY FLAMES LEAP UP THE SIDES OF THE QUIANT WHITE HOUSE...



NO LIGHTS ON!
THEY MUST BE
SLEEPING!

THEY'LL WAKE UP...
IN MORE WAYS
THAN ONE!

THEY'RE UP THERE...ON THE SECOND FLOOR. SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY! THE FIERY LIGHT OF THE CONSUMING FLAMES SILHOUETTES THEM...



THEY'RE TRAPPED
UP THERE!

THEY'RE GOING
TO JUMP!

WAIT!

SOON THE HOUSE IS A ROARING INFERNO! YOU'RE UNEASY, JOHN! WHY DON'T THEY COME OUT? THE WHOLE BOTTOM FLOOR IS A MASS OF FLAME! SUDDENLY...



EEEEEEEEE
FIRE!
FIRE!

HELP!

LOOK! AT THE
WINDOW...

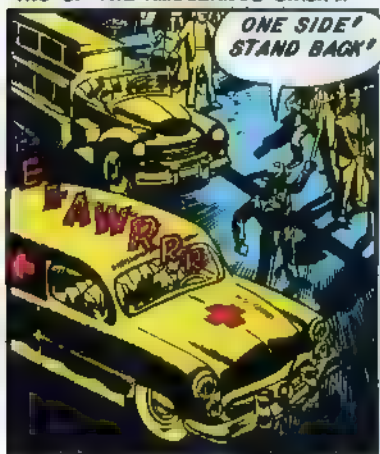
THE WOMAN LEAPS FIRST...HER BODY LIMP, LIKE A RAG DOLL! SHE HITS THE GROUND WITH A DULL THUD! THE MAN FOLLOWS, HOWLING LIKE A HURT DOG



GOOD...LORD!

EYOWWWW

AND THEN THE CONFUSION AS THE FIRE ENGINES ARRIVE! THE WAILING OF THE AMBULANCE SIREN...



ONE SIDE!
STAND BACK!

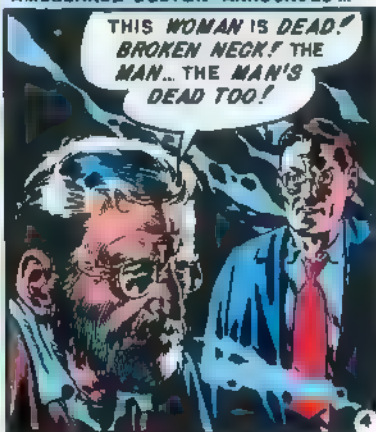
THE PANIC, AS THE NEIGHBORHOOD POURS OUT OF ITS HOUSES...



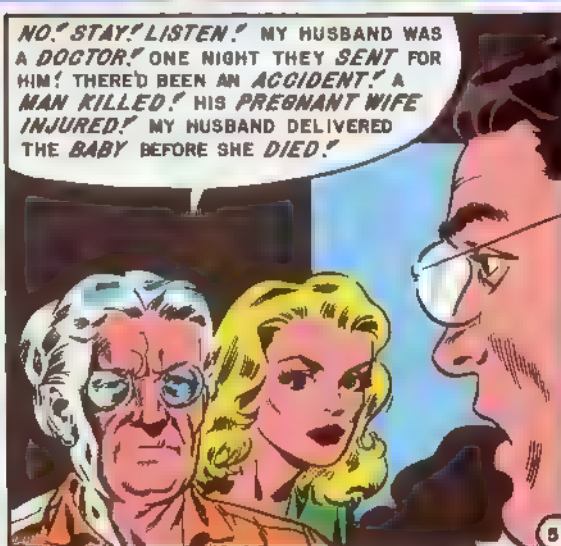
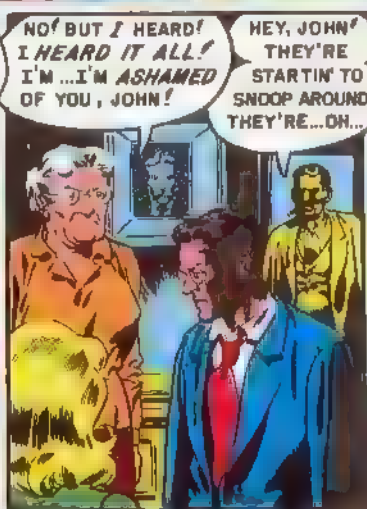
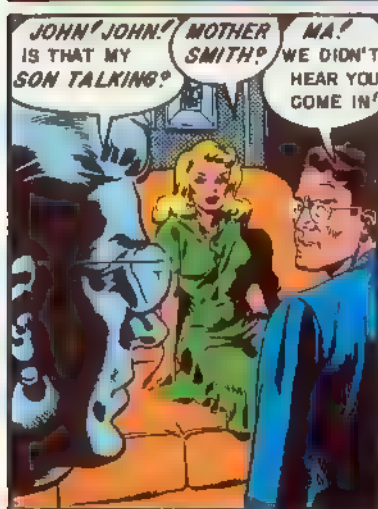
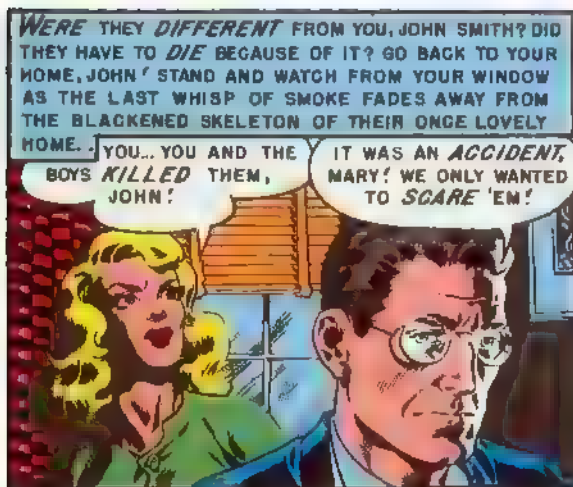
IT'S GOING TO
SPREAD!

ALL OF OUR
HOMES WILL
GO UP!

AND THE RELIEF WHEN THE FLAMES OF HATE ARE BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL... TEMPORARY RELIEF, FOR THE AMBULANCE DOCTOR ANNOUNCES...



THIS WOMAN IS DEAD!
BROKEN NECK! THE
MAN... THE MAN'S
DEAD TOO!



ARE YOU LISTENING, JOHN? ARE YOU?

WE TOOK THAT BABY IN! WE BROUGHT HIM UP AS OUR OWN... AND SO, IN OUR OWN FAITH...

MA! YOU MEAN...

I NEVER INTENDED TO TELL YOU, JOHN! I NEVER HAD TO! YES! YOU'RE ADOPTED!

MA!

YOUR PARENTS... YOUR REAL PARENTS... WERE JEWISH!

ARE YOU DIFFERENT, JOHN? ARE YOU DIFFERENT, NOW? DO YOU FEEL ANY DIFFERENT? DO YOU LOOK ANY DIFFERENT? ARE YOU THE SAME MAN YOU WERE TEN MINUTES AGO... WATCHING THAT LAST WHISP OF SMOKE FADE AWAY...

OH, LORD! OH, LORD! WHAT... WHAT HAVE I DONE? SOB... SOB... WHAT, HAVE I... DONE...

COUGH! WELL... I'LL BE GOING...

NOW LOOK UP, JOHN! LOOK AT ED! LOOK HOW HE'S STARING AT YOU! DO YOU SEE IT, JOHN? DO YOU SEE THE HATE... THERE... IN HIS EYES...

ED! WAIT! ED!

LET HIM GO, JOHN! LET HIM GO!

WHAT NOW, JOHNNY? WHAT CAN YOU DO NOW, NOW THAT YOU'VE FOUND OUT...

HOW STUPID I'VE BEEN! HOW STUPID! STUPID!

COME TO BED, JOHN!

CAN YOU SLEEP, JOHN? CAN YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND NOT SEE THOSE SILHOUETTES AGAINST THE FIERY FLAMES... THOSE SCREAMING FIGURES... FALLING... LIKE RAG DOLLS? ..

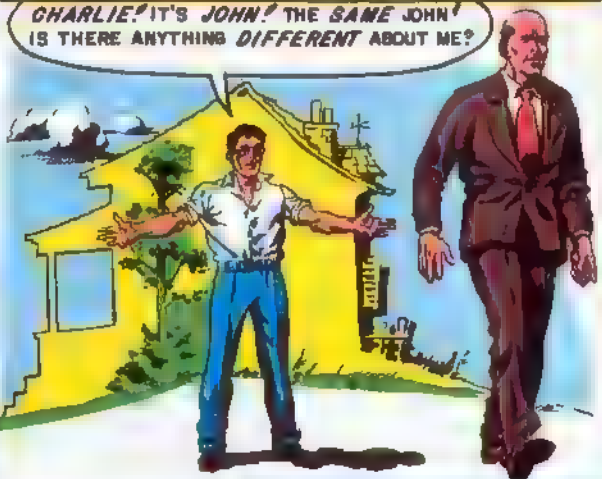
OH, LORD! LORD! FORGIVE ME!

AND NOW DO YOU LIKE IT, JOHN, WHEN THE BOYS TURN AWAY WHEN YOU SIT NEXT TO THEM ON THE TRAIN?...



ED! FOR PETE'S SAKE!
WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER
TEN YEARS!

OR WHEN THEY CROSS THE STREETS TO AVOID YOU?...



CHARLIE! IT'S JOHN! THE SAME JOHN!
IS THERE ANYTHING DIFFERENT ABOUT ME?

HOW ABOUT THE TIME YOUR SON COMES HOME FROM SCHOOL...RAGGED...TORN...GUT...BRUISED?...



THEY CALLED ME...SOB...
THEY CALLED ME A
JEW-BOY!

YOU'RE JOHN SMITH! YOU'RE AN AMERICAN, JOHN! HOW CAN THEY DO THIS TO YOU? HOW?...



WHAT DOES IT SAY, JOHN?

IT...IT SAYS,
'MOVE...JEW!'
WE DON'T WANT
JEWS IN THIS
NEIGHBORHOOD!

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE, JOHN? WHAT MADE YOU HATE THEM? WHY DO THEY HATE YOU NOW?



CAN'T YOU SEE? CAN'T YOU SEE HOW WRONG WE ARE...HOW WRONG WE'VE BEEN?

SCRAM...
JEW!

HATE IS DEEP, JOHN! HATE IS IMBEDDED! WHERE DO WE LEARN IT? WHO TEACHES IT TO US? HOW CAN IT BE UNTAUGHT? LOOK JOHN! THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU...THERE...IN THAT DARK PLACE...

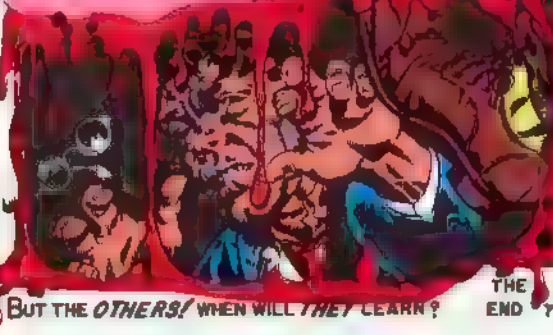


MAYBE YOU'LL GET THE IDEA, JEW!

WE DON'T WANT YOU, CRUMB!

MOVE, BLAST YOU!

THE BEATING IS PAINFUL, ISN'T IT JOHN? IS IT YOUR PUNISHMENT? MUST PAIN BE THE ONLY TEACHER? CAN'T WE LEARN WITHOUT PAIN? CAN'T WE LEARN TO LOVE...INSTEAD OF TO HATE? YOU'RE LEARNING NOW, AREN'T YOU? THE KICKING...THE SWEARING...IT'S TEACHING YOU...



BUT THE OTHERS! WHEN WILL THEY LEARN?

THE END

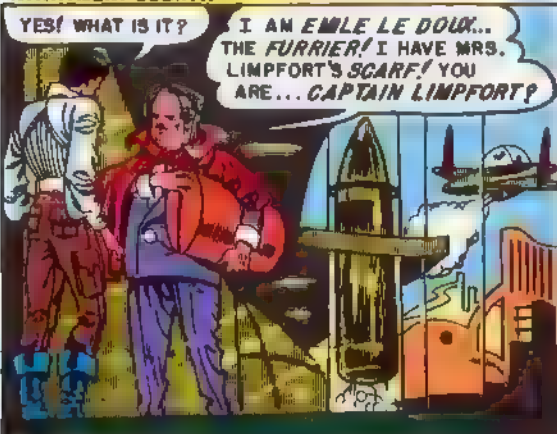
HERE IS A SCIENCE-FICTION YARN WITH SHEER,
STARK TERROR IN ITS ELECTRIFYING FINISH!

WHAT FUR?!

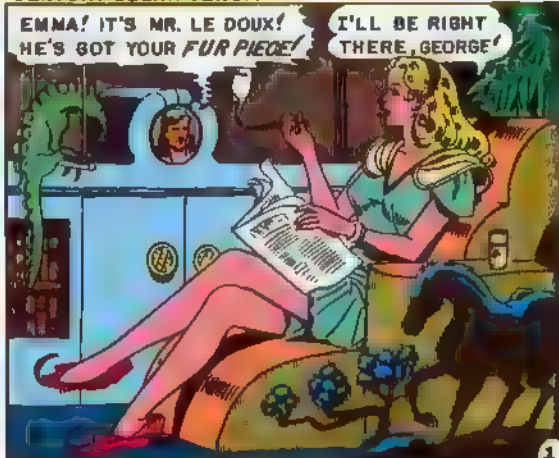


A SCIENCE-FICTION SUSPENSORY

THE AERO-CAB DROPPED EMILE ON THE BUILDING
ROOF, AND HE TOOK THE HYDROLIFT DOWN TO THE
SIXTY-NINTH LEVEL! A TALL MAN OPENED THE SOLAR-
APARTMENT DOOR...



CAPTAIN LIMPFORT STEPPED ASIDE AND EMILE
ENTERED THE LAVISHLY FURNISHED TWENTY-SECOND
CENTURY SOLAR-FLAT...



EMILE OPENED THE BOX HE'D BEEN CARRYING AND LIFTED OUT THE EXPENSIVE SCARF...

YOUR WIFE HAS EXCELLENT TASTE, CAPT. LIMPFORT! THESE ARE GENUINE SKUNKS! NOT SKUNK-DYED MINKS! A SKUNK SKIN IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD, THESE DAYS!

I THINK IT'S DISGUSTING!



THIS FUR SCARF?!

THE WHOLE IDEA...FUR COATS... FUR SCARFS...STOLES...CAPES! IT'S NAUSEATING! YOU TRAP SOME HELPLESS ANIMAL...SKIN IT...AND DRAPE IT AROUND A WOMAN'S NECK...



OH, MR. LE DOUX! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

AH! MRS. LIMPFORT...

HMMPH!

DO YOU LIKE IT ON ME, MR. LE DOUX?

VERY NICE! VERY BECOMING!

UNCIVILIZED!

MY HUSBAND IS AGAINST FUR PIECES ON MORAL GROUNDS. MR. LE DOUX! DON'T MIND HIM! HOW MUCH IS IT?

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS!

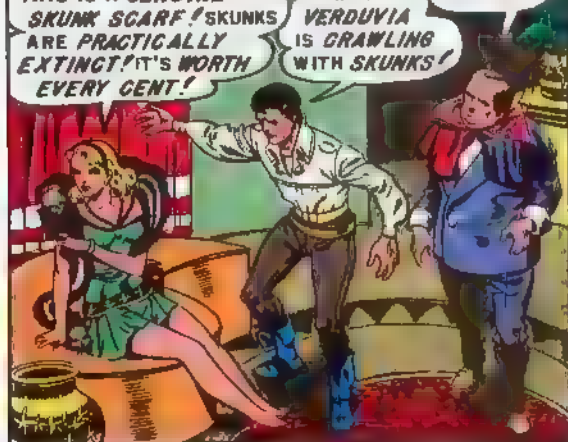
WHAT?!



GEORGE! DON'T SHOUT! THIS IS A GENUINE SKUNK SCARF! SKUNKS ARE PRACTICALLY EXTINCT! IT'S WORTH EVERY CENT!

EXTINCT? WHY VERDUVIA IS DRAWLING WITH SKUNKS!

SKUNKS? WHERE?



VERDUVIA! IT'S A LITTLE PLANET IN SOLAR SYSTEM E-105! I MADE AN EMERGENCY LANDING THERE ONCE! IT'S NEVER BEEN EXPLORED! I GUESS I'M THE ONLY HUMAN THAT EVER SET FOOT ON IT! I NAMED 'ER!

ARE YOU SURE THEY WERE SKUNKS?





I KNOW A **SKUNK** WHEN I **SMELL** ONE, LE DOUX! THESE ANIMALS WERE **SKUNKS**!

IF WHAT YOU SAY IS **TRUE**, CAPT. LIMPFORT...



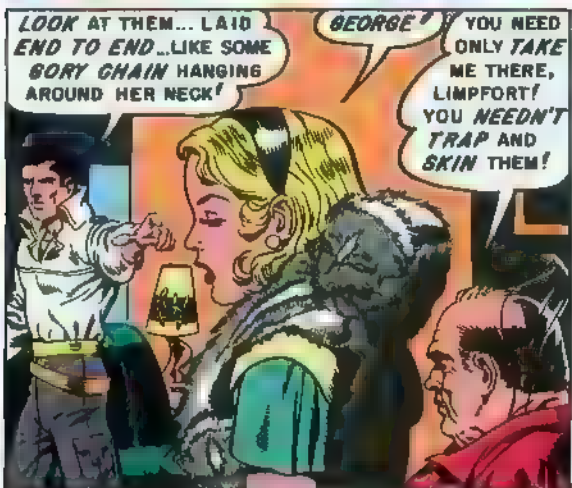
I COULD MAKE YOU **VERY RICH**!

WHAT? GO UP THERE AND **TRAP** THOSE LITTLE THINGS...



EXACTLY! IF THEY ARE **SKUNKS**, THEIR **PELTS** ARE **VERY VALUABLE**!

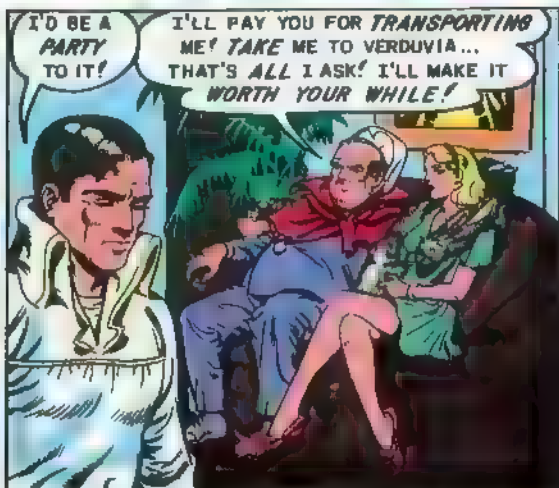
THEY ARE... AND I'M **AGAINST** IT! IT'S **CRUEL!** **POOR THINGS!**



LOOK AT THEM... LAID **END TO END**... LIKE SOME **SORY CHAIN** HANGING AROUND HER **NECK**!

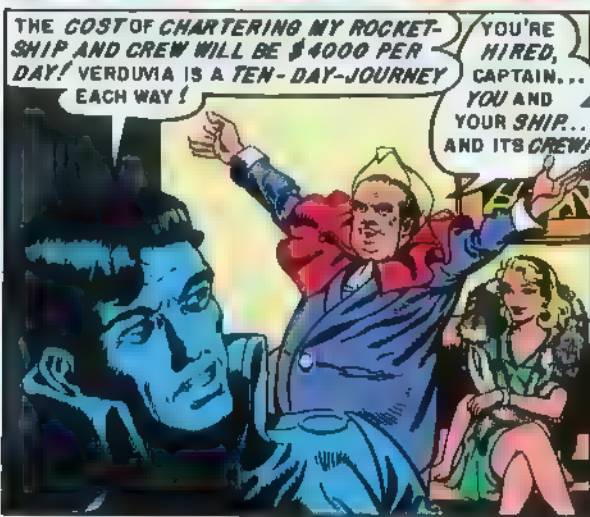
GEORGE!

YOU NEED ONLY **TAKE** ME THERE, LIMPFORT! YOU **NEEDN'T** **TRAP** AND **SKIN** THEM!



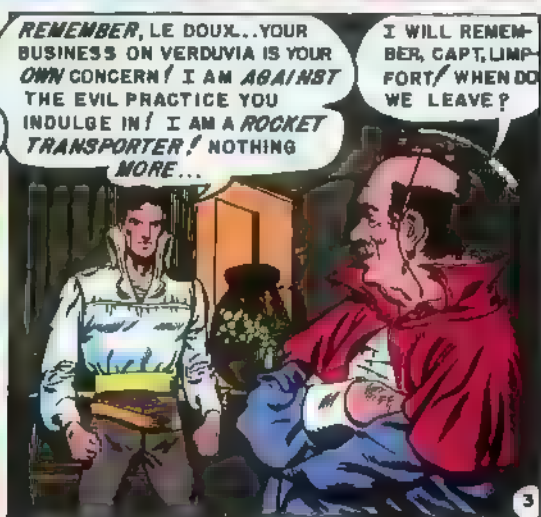
I'D BE A **PARTY** TO IT!

I'LL PAY YOU FOR **TRANSPORTING** ME! **TAKE** ME TO **VERDUVIA**... THAT'S ALL I ASK! I'LL MAKE IT **WORTH YOUR WHILE**!



THE **COST** OF **CHARTERING** MY **ROCKET-SHIP** AND **CREW** WILL BE **\$4000 PER DAY!** **VERDUVIA** IS A **TEN-DAY-JOURNEY** EACH WAY!

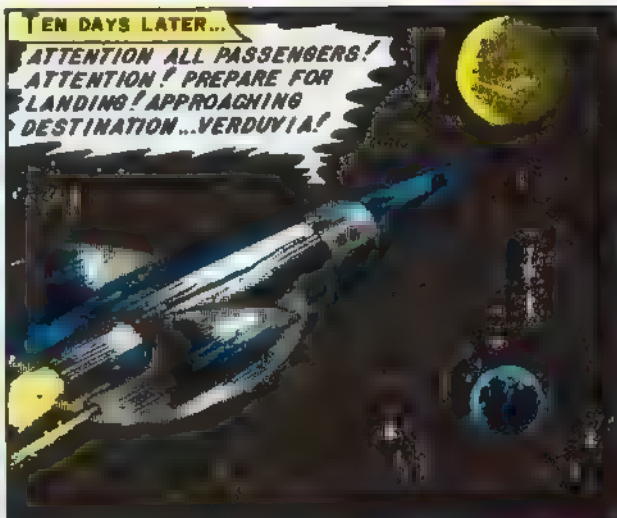
YOU'RE **HIRED**, CAPTAIN... YOU AND YOUR **SHIP**... AND ITS **CREW**!



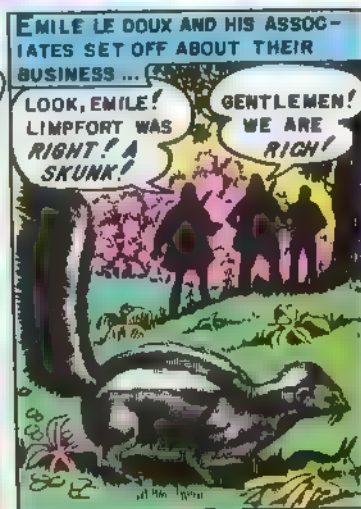
REMEMBER, LE DOUX... YOUR **BUSINESS** ON **VERDUVIA** IS YOUR **OWN CONCERN**! I AM **AGAINST** THE **EVIL PRACTICE** YOU **INDULGE** IN! I AM A **ROCKET TRANSPORTER**! NOTHING **MORE**...

I WILL **REMEMBER**, CAPT. LIMPFORT! WHEN DO WE **LEAVE**?

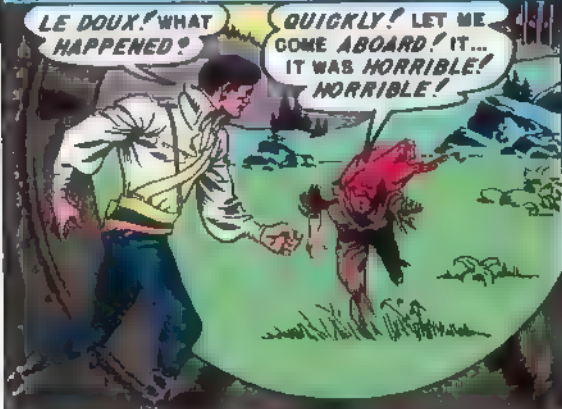
CAPTAIN LIMFORT'S ROCKET-SHIP LEFT EARTH TWO DAYS LATER, BOUND FOR VERDUVIA...



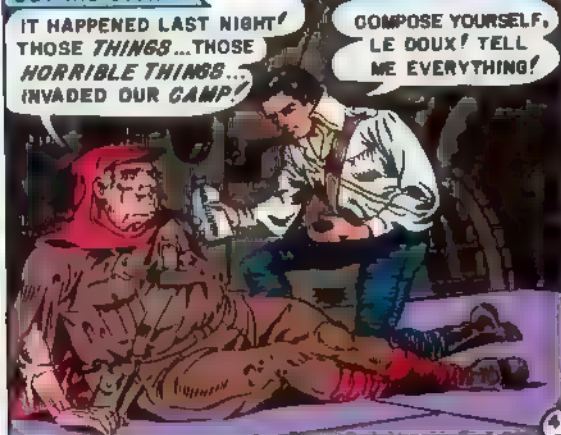
AND THEN THE SHIP WAS DOWN...



BUT THE NEXT DAY, CAPTAIN LIMFORT LOOKED OUT OF HIS ROCKET-SHIP PORT AND SAW A RAGGED FIGURE COMING ACROSS THE CLEARING...



EMILE LE DOUX WAS GUT AND BRUISED! HE GASPED OUT HIS STORY...



'WE'D PITCHED CAMP ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM THE SHIP! WE'D HAD A GOOD DAY'S TRAPPING... ALMOST SEVENTY-FIVE PELTS! SUDDENLY, THE GROUND BEGAN TO SHAKE...'

EMILE! FEEL THAT?

SOMETHING'S COMING!



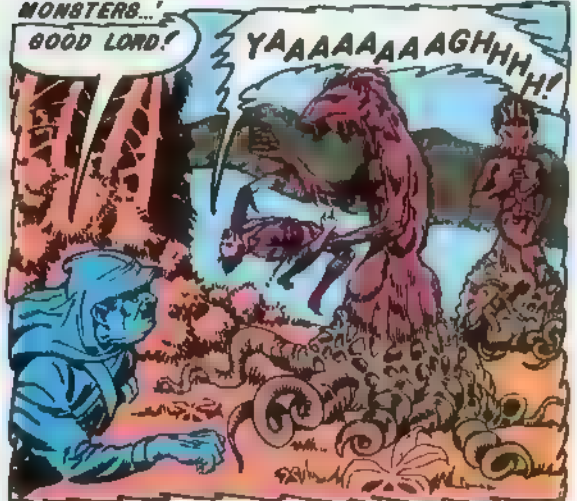
'THEY STORMED DOWN UPON US! I MANAGED TO HIDE BENEATH AN OVERHANGING ROCK, AND SO WASN'T SEEN! THE LOATHESOME THINGS CAPTURED THE OTHERS...'



'THEY WERE HUGE...HIDEOUS! HAIRY ALIEN MONSTERS...'

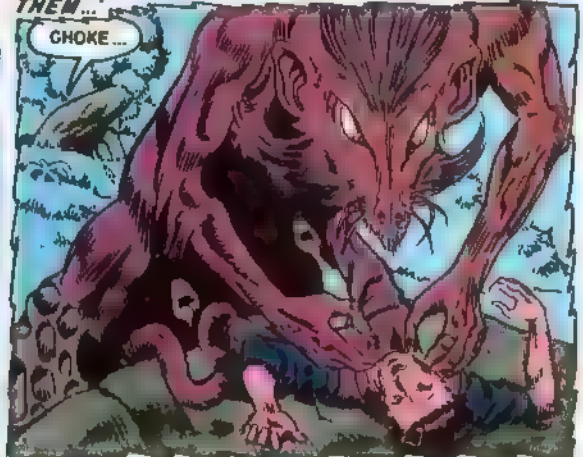
GOOD LORD!

YAAAAAAAAGHHH!



'AND RIGHT THERE BEFORE MY EYES... MURDERED THEM...'

CHOKE...



IT WAS THE BLOODIEST SIGHT I'VE EVER SEEN, CAPTAIN. I... I'M SICK!

ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE DEAD... ALL OF THEM? THE OTHERS...



ABSOLUTELY! LET'S LEAVE THIS CURSED PLACE!

PREPARE FOR TAKE-OFF! PREPARE FOR TAKE-OFF.



SUDDENLY THE SHIP SHOOK...

WHAT'S THAT?

SOMETHING'S COMING!



CAPTAIN LIMPFORT DARTED TO THE PORT...

HOLY SMOKE!
LE DOUX!
COME QUICKLY!

IT... IT...
IT'S THEM!

LOOK... AROUND
THEIR NECKS!

GOOD
LORD!

WHAT IN BLAZES
ARE YOU SHOCKED
ABOUT, LE DOUX?

BUT THAT...
THAT'S
DIFFERENT!

CAPTAIN LIMPFORT SLAMMED THE PORT SHUT! THE ROCKET TUBES BEGAN TO FIRE! THE SHIP BEGAN TO RISE! THE HAIRY MONSTERS HESITATED... WATCHING IT! AROUND THEIR NECKS, THE DEATH-WHITE HUMAN SKINS HUNG LIMPLY. THE ARTIFICIAL EYES STARING...

IS IT DIFFERENT, LE DOUX?
THESE FURRY CREATURES WEAR
HUMAN PELTS! WE HUMANS
WEAR FURS! IS IT DIFFERENT?
IS IT?



THE
END

THE IMPACT OF THE HORRIFYING WIND-UP TO
THIS STORY WILL CURDLE YOUR BLOOD!

COLD CUTS!

YOUR NAME IS *VICTOR BENSON*! FOR OVER A MONTH YOU'VE PLANNED TO *MURDER HELEN...YOUR WIFE!* FOR OVER A MONTH, YOU'VE *THOUGHT ABOUT IT...* WORKED IT OUT OVER AND OVER IN YOUR MIND! AND NOW YOU'VE *DONE IT!* HELEN'S CRUMPLED BODY LIES ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR IN AN EVER-WIDENING POOL OF BLOOD! YOU STARE DOWN AT IT...

I'M RID OF YOU...RID OF YOU FOR GOOD! TONIGHT, WHEN IT'S DARK, I'LL BACK THE CAR AROUND TO THE DELIVERY ENTRANCE, AND...

**A HORROR
SUSPENSE STORY**

SUDDENLY, YOUR BLOOD FREEZES IN YOUR VEINS! THE TELEPHONE BEGINS TO RING! ITS IRRITATING JANGLE ECHOES THROUGH THE APARTMENT...

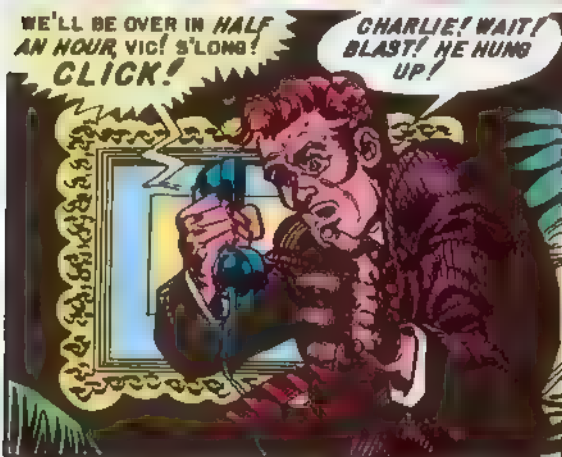
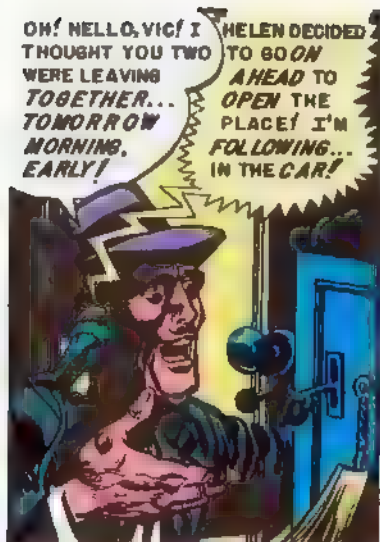


YOU PICK UP THE PHONE! THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END IS EAGER...

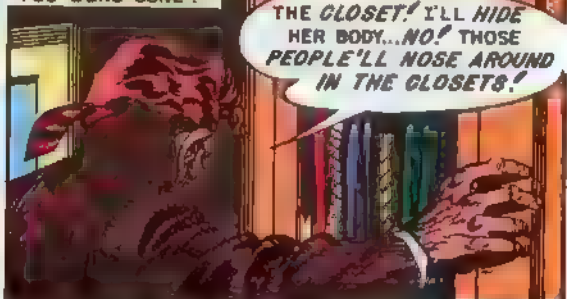
HELLO, HELEN! THEY'RE HERE! THOSE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO SUBLET YOUR APARTMENT WHILE YOU'RE GONE...

THIS ISN'T HELEN, CHARLIE! IT'S VIC! HELEN...ER...HELEN'S GONE UPSTATE ALREADY...





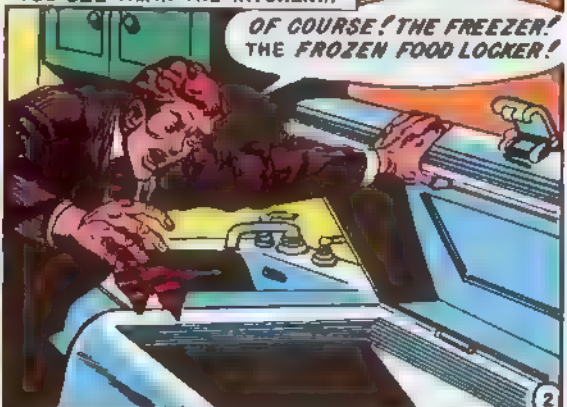
HALF AN HOUR, VIC! YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HELEN'S BODY! THINGS AREN'T GOING EXACTLY AS YOU'D PLANNED, EH? YOU'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT CHARLIE ... YOUR REAL-ESTATE AGENT FRIEND! HE'D INSISTED THAT HE COULD SUBLEASE YOUR APARTMENT WHILE YOU WERE GONE.



NOW YOU'RE FRIGHTENED, VIC! IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT OUTSIDE! YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO PUT HELEN'S BODY IN THE TRUNK OF THE CAR NOW! YOU'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE... AND FAST!



IT'S ONLY A THREE ROOM APARTMENT, VIC! WHERE CAN YOU HIDE HER BODY WHERE PEOPLE WHO ARE COMING TO INSPECT IT WON'T LOOK? AND THEN, YOU SEE IT... IN THE KITCHEN...



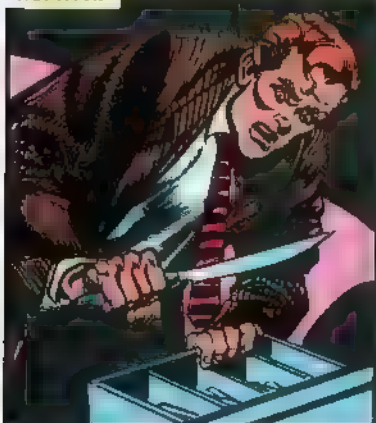
BUT THEY MIGHT LOOK THERE TOO, VIC! CAREFUL, NOW! YOU'VE GOT TO THINK! IF THEY SAW SOMETHING THEY WERE FAMILIAR WITH... YES... THAT'S IT, VIC! HURRY NOW! ONLY TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES TO GO! DRAG HER BODY TO THE BATHROOM...



INTO THE TUB! AH! NOW YOU'RE TALKING...



THE KNIFE! THE BIG ONE IN THE DRAWER! THAT'S THE ONE! HURRY...



...BROWN PAPER! HELEN USED TO SAVE IT! THERE! IN THE CABINET... UNDER THE SINK! NOW YOU'VE FOUND IT...



HURRY, VIC! TWENTY-TWO MINUTES LEFT! YOU'VE GOT WORK TO DO... AN AWFUL LOT OF WORK TO DO! BACK INTO THE BATHROOM...



SPREAD OUT THE SHEETS OF BROWN PAPER ON THE FLOOR! NOW, TURN ON THE WATER IN THE TUB! IT'LL MAKE THE GORY JOB EASIER... LESS MESSY! THERE! THAT'S IT...

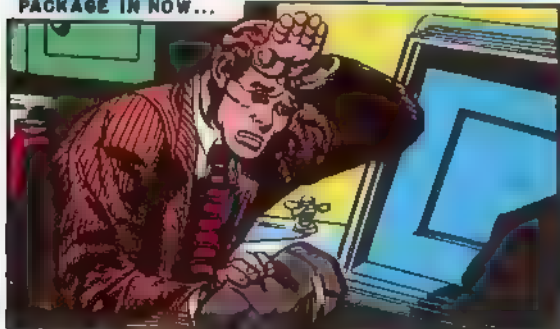


AND NOW, VICTOR BENSON... START CUTTING UP YOUR MURDERED WIFE'S CORPSE! BECAUSE... VICTOR... YOU'RE GOING TO WRAP UP EACH PIECE AND STORE THEM IN THE FROZEN FOOD LOOKER, JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER PACKAGES OF FROZEN MEATS! STEEL YOURSELF, VICTOR! THE FIRST HACK IS THE HARDEST! HURRY, NOW! HURRY! THERE...



AND NOW...IT'S DONE! IT'S AMAZING, ISN'T IT VICTOR, HOW MUCH YOU CAN GET INTO ONE OF THOSE LOCKERS? AND JUST IN CASE, YOU'VE HIDDEN THE TELL-TALE SECTIONS UNDERNEATH, AND PUT THE MORE INNOGUOUS HACKINGS ON TOP! PUT THAT LAST PACKAGE IN NOW...

WAIT, VIC! DON'T BREATHE A SIGN OF RELIEF, YET! CLEAN UP THE BATHROOM! THE BLOODY KNIFE! THE STAINED TUB AND SPATTERED WALL! THE STICKY FLOOR! THAT'S THE BOY! MAKE IT SPOTLESS...



THE DOORBELL, VIC! THEY'RE HERE! HURRY! THE KITCHEN FLOOR! YOU FORGOT IT...

NICE AND CLEAN! THERE...

EVERYTHING IS SET, VIC! OPEN 'ER UP!...



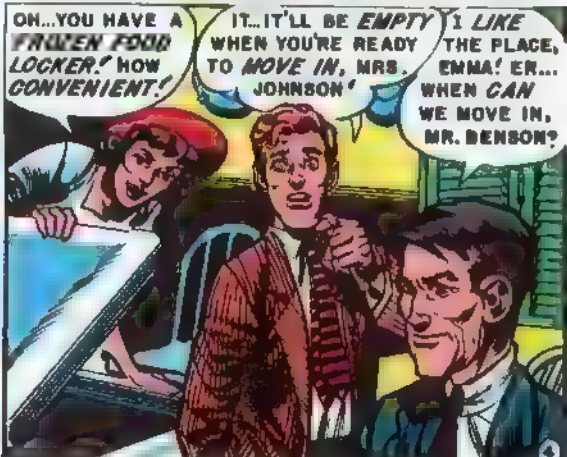
MR. AND MRS. JOHNSON START THEIR NOBIN' AROUND... YOU FOLLOW THEM! AND YOU WERE RIGHT! THE CLOSETS ARE THE FIRST THINGS THEY PEER INTO...

THE BEDROOM...THE LIVING ROOM... THE KITCHEN...

OH...YOU HAVE A FROZEN FOOD LOCKER! HOW CONVENIENT!

IT...IT'LL BE EMPTY WHEN YOU'RE READY TO MOVE IN, MRS. JOHNSON!

I LIKE THE PLACE, EMMA! ER... WHEN CAN WE MOVE IN, MR. BENSON?



TOMORROW, IF YOU LIKE! I'M LEAVING TONIGHT! MY WIFE AND I TOOK A PLACE IN THE MOUNTAINS FOR THREE MONTHS!

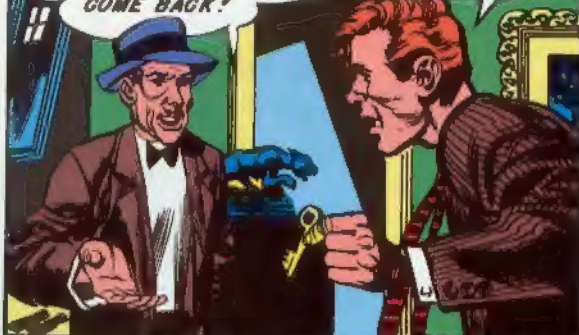
OH! WELL! TODAY'S FRIDAY! WE'LL PROBABLY MOVE IN ON MONDAY! YES... WE'LL TAKE THE PLACE, MR. BENSON! IT'S LOVELY!



THEY START TO LEAVE! YOU'RE ANXIOUS, AREN'T YOU, VIC? YOU WANT TO GET YOUR WIFE'S REMAINS OUT OF THE FROZEN FOOD LOCKER! THEN...

BETTER GIVE ME THE KEY, VIC! YOU'LL BE GONE WHEN THE JOHNSONS COME BACK!

OH! YEAH! SURE! HERE, CHARLIE!



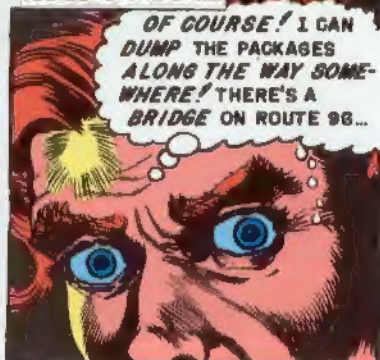
I'LL BE BACK LATER, VIC! I'LL HELP YOU PACK!

NEVER MIND, CHARLIE! I...

NO BOTHER, VIC! BE BACK SOON AS I DRIVE THESE FOLKS TO THE STATION!

CHARLIE! I'D RATHER YOU WOULDN'T... BOTHER! CHARLIE!

BUT HE DOESN'T LISTEN! AND THEN HE'S GONE! YOU CURSE! BUT WHAT ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT, VICTOR? YOU'RE TAKING THE CONTENTS OF THE LOCKER UPSTATE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? CHARLIE WILL EVEN HELP YOU LOAD THE CAR...



SO YOU BEGIN TO PACK! WHAT A SET-UP! YOU'LL SAY HELEN NEVER GOT TO THE CABIN... THAT SHE JUST DISAPPEARED! CHARLIE COMES BACK SOON AFTER...

WELL... THAT'S ALL THE CLOTHES, CHARLIE!

WHAT TIME ARE YOU LEAVING, VIC?



SOON AS WE GET THE MEAT AND FROZEN STUFF PACKED INTO THE CAR! C'MON! HELP ME!

SURE! HEY! PHONE'S RINGING...



YOU PICK UP THE PHONE! IT'S ED...YOUR PARTNER...

SORRY TO CALL LIKE THIS, VIG! I KNOW YOU AND HELEN START YOUR VACATION TOMORROW! BUT... WELL... YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO DELAY THE TRIP!

WHAT? BUT HELEN'S LEFT ALREADY! SHE WENT ON AHEAD!

IT'LL ONLY BE A DAY OR TWO, VIG! I'D TAKE CARE OF IT MYSELF ONLY I DON'T KNOW THE ACCOUNT! IT'S ENHARDT... IN SAYVILLE!

SAYVILLE! BUT I'M GOING NORTH... NOT SOUTH...

SORRY, VIG! RUN DOWN AND SEE WHAT'S UP! HELEN WON'T MIND! YOU KNOW WHAT THIS ACCOUNT MEANS TO US!

I KNOW! BLAST IT! WELL! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO, ED!

YOU HANG UP... ANNOYED...

WHAT'S UP, VIG? YOU LOOK SORE!

I'VE GOT TO GO DOWN TO SAYVILLE ON BUSINESS! C'MON! LET'S FINISH LOADING THE CAR!

BUT YOU CAN'T PUT THE FROZEN STUFF IN NOW! IT'LL SPOIL BEFORE YOU GO THERE AND THEN BACK UPSTATE TO YOUR CABIN! WHY NOT PICK IT UP ON THE WAY BACK? I'D HATE TO SEE ALL THAT MEAT RUINED!

YOU'RE... RIGHT, CHARLIE! C'MON! I'VE GOT TO MAKE TIME! I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME! AND THANKS FOR RENTING THE PLACE! I'LL TRY AND GET BACK BEFORE THE JOHNSONS MOVE IN!

THEY'RE NOT MOVING IN TILL MONDAY! YOU'LL BE BACK BEFORE THEN!

OH... SURE! I SHOULD BE BACK BY SUNDAY! POOR HELEN! SHE'LL WORRY ABOUT ME! I'D BETTER SEND HER A TELEGRAM!

SO YOU DRIVE SOUTH TO SAYVILLE, VICTOR BENSON! AND ALL THE WAY DOWN, YOUR MIND IS ON THOSE BROWN PAPER PACKAGES IN THE FREEZER BACK IN YOUR APARTMENT...

BLAST IT! THIS WOULD HAVE TO COME UP...

IN SAYVILLE, YOU SEE ENHARDT AND STRAIGHTEN EVERYTHING OUT! THEN YOU SPEED BACK! IT'S SUNDAY AFTERNOON WHEN YOU ARRIVE AT THE APARTMENT...

GOOD LORD! THE KEY! I GAVE IT TO CHARLIE!

YOU DASH OVER TO CHARLIE'S HOME...

CHARLIE! I...

VIC! COME IN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!

I NEED THE KEY, CHARLIE! I...

YOU'LL JOIN US FOR DINNER, VIC! FOLKS! THIS IS VIC BENSON... A FRIEND OF MINE!

CHARLIE HAS COMPANY! THEY'RE JUST SITTING DOWN TO DINNER...

REALLY, CHARLIE! I WANT TO GET ON MY WAY! JUST GIVE ME THE KEY SO I CAN PACK THE STUFF...

NONSENSE! YOU'LL HAVE A BITE WITH US FIRST! THEN I'LL DRIVE OVER WITH YOU!

YOU TRY TO WORM YOUR WAY OUT, BUT CHARLIE IS INSISTANT! SO YOU SIT DOWN WITH THEM! YOU'RE NERVOUS... ANXIOUS! YOU PICK AT YOUR FOOD...

I THOUGHT YOU LIKED GOULASH, VIC!

I... I DO, CHARLIE! IT'S VERY GOOD!

CHARLIE SNAPS HIS FINGERS AND LAUGHS...

SM! I ALMOST FORGOT! YOU'D BETTER ENJOY IT, VIC! THE WIFE CALLED THIS PARTY AT THE LAST MINUTE! THE BUTCHER WAS CLOSED...

HUH?

YEAH! IT'S YOUR MEAT! I BORROWED IT... TOOK IT FROM YOUR FREEZER! YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?

CHOKES...

WHAT'S WRONG, VIC? YOU... LOOK SICK!

THE END...

TALES FROM THE CRYPT™

TRADING CARDS

8 Cards Per Pack

**Randomly Packed
Premium Cards**

Collect
all 110
Crypt Cards...
or else!



THE MAN OF YOUR SCREAMS

The lovable ghoul with an attitude now has his very own trading card series and he'll scare you silly. The wise-guy Cryptkeeper from HBO's TALES FROM THE CRYPT is deliciously demented in all kinds of horribly funny situations.

The 110-card set features the Cryptkeeper (and a few unsuspecting victims), photos of the original comic book series, the gory details on what goes on "behind the screams" of the TV show, plus randomly packed Cryptkeeper holograms and a TEKCHROME™ premium card.

TALES FROM THE CRYPT trading cards are too funny for TV. Collect the entire set. Your friends will just die of envy.

CARDZ™

Available wherever trading cards are sold.

©TALES FROM THE CRYPT™ is a trademark of TALES FROM THE CRYPT™ Holdings. ©CARDZ Distribution, Inc. 1993



Russ is dealing from a full deck, so ante up and write or call for details on these putrid pasteboards today!

RUSS COCHRAN

POB 469

WEST PLAINS MO 65775

417-256-2224 or call 1-800-EC CRYPT and ask for the order desk.